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The Birth-place of Wycherley.



WE this week resume our plan of presenting our readers with correct views of the places that gave birth to our most celebrated poets. The above engraving represents the remain of a mansion at the Clive, about seven miles from Shrewsbury, in which William Wycherley, Esq. the Thalian bard, was born in 1640. The house was a handsome structure, but much has been let go to decay, and the remainder repaired in a clumsy incongruous manner for a farm-house. The large walnut-tree, shown in the view, is said to have been planted by the poet; but we cannot vouch for its authenticity. The late Mr. Gardner, of Sansaw, whose beautiful grounds reach near Wycherley's mansion, intended to have erected an urn, and to have placed it in a rocky recess in his grounds, the walk to which was called Wycherley's walk; but through the negligence of the statuary in Shrewsbury it was not erected. The following inscription was to have been placed on the pedestal:

TO
WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, Esq.
the celebrated Dramatic Poet,
this Urn is
dedicated."

VOL. IX.

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When Wycherley was fifteen years of age, he was sent over to France for the improvement of his education. Here he continued some time, during which he was often admitted to the conversation of the most accomplished ladies of that court. A little before the restoration of Charles the Second, he returned to England, and became a gentleman commoner of Queen's College, in Oxford; and was entered in the public library in July, 1660. After some time he quitted the university, and entered himself a student in the Middle Temple; but, being much addicted to pleasure, he forsook the study of the law before he was called to the bar, and engaged himself in pursuits more agreeable to his own genius and the gallant spirit of the times.

Upon writing his first play, entitled, "Love in a Wood, or St. James's Park," acted at the Theatre Royal in 1652, he became acquainted with several of the most celebrated wits, both of the court and town, and likewise with the Duchess of Cleveland.

In 1673, Mr. Wycherley wrote a comedy, called "The Gentleman Dancing Master," which was acted at the Duke's

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Theatre, and received with universal applause. In 1678, he wrote his "Plain Dealer;" and in 1683, the comedy of "The Country Wife." These plays raised him high in the esteem of the world, and recommended him to the favour of the nobility, among whom his greatest friend was the Duke of Buckingham. King Charles likewise showed him more respect, perhaps, than was ever known to take place from a sovereign to a private gentleman. Mr. Wycherley happened to be very ill at his lodgings for some time, during which the king did him the honour of a visit, when, finding his body weak and his spirits depressed, he commanded him to take a journey to the south of France, and to remain there during the winter season; at the same time the king assured him, that when he was able to undertake the journey, he would order 500*l.* to be paid him to defray the expenses. Mr. Wycherley accordingly went to France, and returned to England the latter end of the following spring, with his health perfectly restored. The king received him with the utmost marks of esteem, and soon after told him he had a son whom he would deliver to his care for education, and that for this service he should have 1,500*l.* a year allotted him; the king also added, that when the time came his office should cease, he would take care to make such provision for him as would place him above the malice or contempt of the world.

These were golden prospects for Mr. Wycherley; but they were soon, by a singular accident, rendered abortive. Soon after his majesty's promise, Mr. Wycherley went to Tunbridge, to take either the benefit of the waters, or the diversions of the place; when, walking one day upon the Wells-walk with his friend Mr. Fairbread, of Gray's Inn, just as he came to the door of a bookseller's shop, the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, rich, noble, and beautiful, came to the bookseller, and inquired for "The Plain Dealer."—"Madam," said Mr. Fairbread, "since you are for the Plain Dealer, there he is for you," pushing Mr. Wycherley towards her. "Yes," says Mr. Wycherley, "this lady can bear plain dealing; for she appears to be so accomplished, that what would be a compliment to others, when said to her would be plain dealing."—"No, truly, sir," said the lady, "I am not without my faults; I love plain dealing, and never am more fond of it than when it tells me of a fault."—"Then, madam," said Mr. Fairbread, "you and the plain dealer seemed designed by heaven for each other." In short, Mr. Wycherley accompanied her on

the walks, waited on her home, visited her daily at her lodgings, and in a little time obtained her consent to marry him. This he did by the advice of his father, without acquainting the king, who, when informed of it, was highly offended; and Mr. Wycherley, from a consciousness of having acted imprudently, seldom going to court, his absence was construed into ingratitude.

This was the cause of Mr. Wycherley's disgrace with the king, whose favour and affection he had before possessed in so distinguished a degree. The countess settled all her estates upon him; but his claims to them being disputed after her death, the expense of the law and other incumbrances so far reduced him, that he was not able to satisfy the impatience of his creditors, who threw him at last into prison; so that he, who a few years before was flourishing in all the gaiety of life, flushed with prospects of court preferment, and happy in the most extensive reputation for wit and parts, was condemned to suffer all the rigours of want. In this severe extremity he fell upon an expedient, which, no doubt, was dictated by his distress, of applying to his bookseller, who had got considerably by his "Plain Dealer," in order to borrow 20*l.*; but he applied in vain; the bookseller refused to lend him a shilling; and he remained in that distress for seven years, when he obtained his release at the instigation of King James, who, seeing his "Plain Dealer" performed, was so charmed with it, that he gave immediate orders for the payment of the author's debts, adding to that bounty a pension of 200*l.* per annum, while he continued in England.

On the death of his father he became possessed of a considerable estate; but it was clogged with so many limitations, that he never enjoyed any great advantage from it. In his advanced years he married a young lady of fortune, but only survived his nuptials eleven days. He died in the month of September, 1716, and was interred in the vault of Covent-Garden church.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, THE AVOWED AUTHOR OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

OUR readers will remember that a few weeks back we stated our views of the matter in question on the authority of a letter from Paris, and subsequently in a valuable anecdotal article by our esteemed correspondent, *M. L. B.*, which in direct evidence traced the masked *Great Unknown* to be in the person of

Sir Walter Scott. At the celebration of the Annual Theatrical Edinburgh Fund Dinner, on the 23rd of February, Sir Walter Scott presiding as chairman, the *Great Unknown* rose and made himself known to the public as the highly gifted author of the whole of the series of the *Waverley Novels*. It was a most interesting moment—and we shall preserve the following brief notice of the important occurrence in the columns of the *MIRROR*.

Lord Meadowbank begged to propose a health, which he was sure, in an assembly of Scotsmen, would be received, not with an ordinary feeling of delight, but with rapture and enthusiasm. He knew that it would be painful to his feelings if he were to speak to him in terms which his heart prompted; and that he had sheltered himself under his native modesty from the applause which he deserved. But it was gratifying at last to know that these clouds were now dispelled, and that the *Great Unknown*—the mighty magician—(here the room literally rung with applauses, which were continued for some minutes)—the minstrel of our country, who had conjured up, not the phantoms of departed ages, but realities, now stood revealed before the eyes and affections of his country. In his presence it would ill become him, as it would be displeasing to that distinguished person, to say, if he were able, what every man must feel, who recollected the enjoyment he had had from the great efforts of his mind and genius. It has been left for him, by his writings, to give his country an imperishable name. He had done more for his country, by illuminating its annals, by illustrating the deeds of its warriors and statesmen, than any man that ever existed, or was produced, within its territory. He had opened up the peculiar beauties of his country to the eyes of foreigners. He had exhibited the deeds of those patriots and statesmen to whom we owed the freedom we now enjoyed. He would give the health of Sir Walter Scott, which was drank with enthusiastic cheering.

Sir Walter Scott certainly did not think, that in coming there that day he would have the task of acknowledging, before three hundred gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than twenty people, was remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; yet he was sure that every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of "Not proven." He did not now think it necessary to enter into reasons of his

long silence. Perhaps he might have acted from caprice. He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself. (Long and loud cheering.) He was afraid to think on what he had done. "Look on't again I dare not." He had thus far unboasted himself, and he knew that it would be reported to the public. He meant when he said that he was the author, that he was the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken, and the rod buried. They would allow him further to say, with *Prospero*, "Your breath it is that has filled my sails," and to crave one single toast in the capacity of the author of those novels; and he would dedicate a bumper to the health of one who had represented some of those characters, of which he had endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a degree of liveliness which rendered him grateful. He would propose the health of his friend *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*, (loud applause); and he was sure that, when the author of *Waverley* and *Rob Roy* drank to *Nicol Jarvie*, it would be received with that degree of applause to which that gentleman had always been accustomed, and that they would take care that, on the present occasion, it should be *prodigious*! (Long and vehement applause.)

Mr. Mackay spoke with great humour in the character of *Bailie Jarvie*.—*My conscience!* My worthy father the deacon could not have believed that his son could have said a compliment paid to him by the *Great Unknown*.

Sir Walter Scott.—Not unknown now, Mr. Bailie.

Mr. Mackay.—He had been long identified with the Bailie, and he was vain of the cognomen which he had now worn for eight years, and he questioned if any of his brethren in the Council had given such universal satisfaction. (Loud laughter and applause.)

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR MARCH.

(For the Mirror.)

"In mantle of Proteus clad,
With aspect ferocious and wild;
Now pleasant, now sullen and sad,
Now froward, now placid and mild."

THE above lines are aptly descriptive of the changes to which the month of March is usually subject.

The sun completes another revolution and enters the equinoctial and cardinal sign *Aries* on the 21st, at 9 h. 2 m. 58 s. morning, when 13 deg. 43 min. of *Leo* are due north, 19 deg. 9 min. of *Gemini* due east, 19 deg. 9 min. of *Sagittarius* due west, and 13 deg. 43 min. of *Aquarius* due south. At this moment spring commences, and day and night are again equal all over the globe. The point where the celestial equator cuts the ecliptic, called the first point of *Aries*, is found to have a motion in *antecedence*, or contrary to the order of the signs of about 50 sec. of a deg. in a year, and which is to be accounted for in the following manner:—The sun completes what is called a tropical year when he arrives at the same equinoctial or solstitial point which he does in 365 days 5 h. 48 m. 57 s.; but when he reaches the same fixed star again as seen from the earth, he completes the sidereal year, which contains 365 days, 6 h. 9 m. 14½ s. As the sun describes the whole ecliptic, or 360 deg., in a tropical year, he moves 59 m. 8 s. of a deg. every day at a mean rate, and consequently 50 sec. of a deg. in 20 m. 17½ s. of time, which is the precise difference between the sidereal and civil year. Thus he will arrive at the same equinox or solstice when he is 50 sec. of a deg. short of the same star from which he set out the year before. This motion has now become very considerable; about 2,000 years ago, when astronomy was first cultivated by the Greeks, the first point of the ecliptic was 30 deg. or a whole sign forwarder than at present, being then about the middle of the constellation *Aries*, but is now about the middle of *Pisces*; thus with regard to the *signs*, the stars appear to have gone 30 deg. forwarder, for the same signs always keep in the same points of the ecliptic, without respect to the constellations. If the earth made exactly 365½ diurnal rotations on its axis whilst it revolves from any equinoctial or solstitial point to the same again, the civil and solar year would always keep pace together, and the style would never have needed any alteration; but without such a change, the seasons in length of time would be quite reversed with regard to the months of the year, although it would require 23,783 years to bring about such a total change.

When the earth is in the line of the nodes of an inferior planet, Mercury for instance, his apparent motion is then in a straight line, because the plane of it passes through the eye; when he is in his inferior semicircle, he will pass directly between the sun and the earth, appearing like a black spot on the sun's disc; this

is called a transit. Were the plane of his orbit coincident with the ecliptic, this appearance would be seen frequently; but by reason of the obliquity of the two planes to each other it is much more rare. There will be a transit May 5th, 1832, and another November 7th, 1835. He sets on the 1st at 6 h. afternoon, and on the 31st at 7½ h. He is in perihelio on the 12th, and reaches his eastern elongation on the 18th, in 15 deg. 33 min. of *Aries*, when he may be seen a short time after sun-set; this is the most favourable time of the whole year for observing this small planet. On the 26th he becomes stationary in 20 deg. of the same sign, from whence he commences a retrograde movement.

Venus culminates on the 1st, at 8 h. 52 m. morning, in 24 deg. *Capricorn*; and on the 31st, at 9 h. 12 m. morning, in 25 deg. *Aquarius*. She arrives at the point of her greatest western elongation on the 5th, in 27 deg. 33 min. *Capricorn*. On the 8th, she has 6 digits east illuminated, her apparent diameter being then 24 sec. of a deg. Transits of Venus are much less frequent than those of Mercury, but of considerably more importance in astronomy, as from them astronomers have discovered the sun's true parallax, by which means they have been enabled to ascertain the earth's distance from the sun, as also the distance of the other planets. The last happened June 3rd, 1769; the next will be on December 9th, 1874, the middle being at 3 h. 43 m. 27 s. afternoon, but it will be invisible in Europe. Another will occur on December 16th, 1882, at 4 h. 49 m. 41 s. morning, partly visible in Great Britain.

Jupiter is now coming more under our observation in the evening, appearing on the eastern side of the meridian; he rises on the 1st at 8 h. 20 m. evening, in 12 deg. 57 min. *Libra*, and on the 31st, at 6 h. 10 m., in 9 deg. 28 min. of the same sign. The satellites of Jupiter revolve on their axis in the time of their revolution round their primary, in the same manner as our moon. They must be very magnificent objects to the inhabitants of that planet; the first appears to them four times larger than our moon does to us, and goes through all the lunar changes in the short space of 42 hours, within which period it is itself eclipsed, and causes an eclipse of the sun on the surface of Jupiter. There are seven visible immersions of the above this month:—

On the 2nd, at 4 h. 23 m. 20 s. morning.
 — 3rd, — 10 h. 51 m. 43 s. afternoon.
 — 11th, — 0 h. 45 m. 24 s. morning.
 — 18th, — 2 h. 39 m. 11 s. —

On the 19th, — 9h. 7m. 40s. afternoon
 — 25th, — 4h. 33m. 3s. morning.
 — 29th, — 11h. 1m. 34s. afternoon

He comes to an opposition with the sun on the 30th, at 12½ h.; after which he will be an evening star.

The Moon is in apogee on the 5th, in opposition on the 13th, in perigee on the 17th, and arrives at the change on the 27th. The best time for observing the inequalities of her surface is at the quarters, as the shadows projected from the lunar mountains appear the longest when the enlightened edge is turned towards the sun. But as the moon at her last quarter does not generally rise till about midnight, it is better to secure an opportunity of viewing her through a telescope at the first quarter, when she may be seen at any time in the evening.

PASCHE.

THEATRES.

(For the Mirror.)

SUCH was the delight of our ancestors in dramatic entertainments, that no fewer than nineteen play-houses had been opened at different times before the year 1633, when Prynne published his *Histriomastix*. The amusements before the commencement of the play were of various kinds: "While some part of the audience entertained themselves in reading or playing cards, others were employed in less refined occupations, in drinking ale or smoking tobacco." With these they were furnished by male attendants, of whose clamour a satirical writer of the time of James I. loudly complains. It appears from a passage in "Puttenham's Art of English Poetry, 1589," that vi-zards were, on some occasions, used by the authors of those days. Till the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, women used to come to the theatre in masks. This practice was forbidden by a proclamation of that queen, in the first year of her reign.

The prices usually paid for the copy-right of plays will be seen by the following information, which is gleaned from an old account-book of Bernard Lintot, the bookseller. Tragedies were then the favourite dramas, and generally obtained the best price. Dr. Young received for his *Buciris*, 84l.; Smith for his *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, 60l.; Rowe for his *Jane Shore*, 50l. 15s., and for *Lady Jane Grey*, 75l. 5s.; Cibber for his *Nonjuror* had 105l. To this we may add the following curious account of the cause of "darning" a play, not contemplated by modern dramatists. It is related in an

old dramatic register:—"The Wary Widow, or Sir Noisy Parrot, a comedy, by Henry Higden, in 1693. This is very far from being the worst of our English comedies, being ushered into the world by several complimentary verses, and a prologue written by Sir Charles Sedley; yet it was damned the first night, owing to a very extraordinary circumstance, which was, that the author had introduced so much drinking of punch into the play, that the performers got drunk during the acting of it, and were unable to go through with their parts; on which account, and the treatment the audience gave them by hisses and cat-calls in consequence of it, the house was obliged to be dismissed at the end of the third act."

The cost of admission to the theatres in the days of Elizabeth was very moderate. "Let me never live to look so high as the two-penny room again," says Ben Jonson, in his prologue to *Every Man Out of His Humour*, acted for the first time at the Globe, on Bankside, in 1599. The price of the "best rooms," or boxes, was a shilling; of the lower places two-pence; and in some places only a penny. The two-penny room above mentioned was the gallery. Thus Decker: "Pay you two-pence to a player, and you may sit in the gallery."—*Bellman's Night-Walk*. And Middleton, "one of them is a nip; I took him once into the two-penny gallery at the Fortune." The place, however, seems to have been very discreditable, for it is commonly described as the resort of the worst characters. In *Every Man Out of His Humour*, there is also mention of "the lords' room over the stage." The lords' room answered to the present stage-boxes. The price of admission to them appears to have been originally a shilling. Thus Decker in his *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609:—"At a new play you take up the twelve-penny room, next the stage, because the lords and you may seem to be hall fellow well met."

In the reigns of Charles I. and II. there were six play-houses allowed to be opened at one time in London; that is, at *Blackfriars*, for the king's company; the *Globe*, on the Bankside; the *Bull*, in St. John-street; one in *Salisbury-court*; the *Fortune* and the *Cockpit*, in Drury-lane. The admission to the play-house, called the *Globe*, in Shakspeare's time, about 1603, was one shilling to the boxes and sixpence to the pit; and a two-penny gallery is mentioned in the prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman-Hater*. Seats of three-pence and a groat are also mentioned; and afterwards to some of the houses the prices were from sixpence to two shillings and sixpence. At th

theatre in Drury-lane, 1703, the price to the boxes was four shillings, to the pit two shillings and sixpence, first gallery one shilling and sixpence, and upper gallery one shilling. Many years after that period the price to the boxes was raised to five shillings, the pit to three shillings, and the first gallery to two shillings. Since then, the proprietors of some of the theatres have raised the price of the boxes to six shillings, and the pit to three shillings and sixpence. In the year 1809, the proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre raised the price of the boxes to seven shillings, and endeavoured to raise the pit to four shillings.

F. R. Y.

ORIGIN OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE THISTLE OR OF ST. ANDREW IN SCOTLAND.

(For the Mirror.)

HUNGUS, king of the Picts, the night previous to the battle that was fought between him and *Athelstan*, king of England, saw in the sky a bright cross, in the shape of that on which *Saint Andrew* suffered martyrdom, and the issue of the battle proving successful to *Hungus*, in memorial of the said apparition which predicted so happy an omen, the Picts and Scots have ever since borne on their ensigns and banners the figure of the said cross, which is in the shape of a saltier.*

From this circumstance it is supposed that this order took its rise, which was about the year of our Lord 810. For king *Hungus* and *Achala* (confederates against *Athelstan*) went barefooted and very devoutly to the kirk of *Saint Andrew*, to return thanks to God and his Apostles for their victory; rowing for themselves and their posterity, ever to use the said cross on their ensigns in any warlike expedition.

The principal ensign of this order is a golden collar, composed of thistles, intermixed with annulets of gold, to which hangs the figure of *Saint Andrew* with his cross, and this motto :

Nemo me impune lacessit.†

But for their common ensign they wore a green ribbon to which hung a golden thistle crowned with an imperial crown, with a circle of gold, with the motto.

Their grand meeting was annually on *Saint Andrew's Day*, in the church of the town of *Saint Andrew*, and during the solemnity of the feast, these knights

(who were thirteen in number, in allusion to our Saviour and the twelve Apostles) were most richly dressed, in their parliamentary robes, having embroidered on their left shoulders *Saint Andrew's Cross*, within a blue rundle, and in the centre of the said cross was a crown composed of golden *fleur de lis*.

This order has been frequently neglected, and is often resumed. It consists at present of a sovereign and twelve companions.

H. W. D.

THE GLOW WORM.

(For the Mirror.)

THE glow worm is the wingless female of a beetle insect. The male is of a dusky hue, without much beauty or peculiarity of marking. The female is more like the larva or grub of a beetle, than a full grown insect. The light, which is of a beautiful sulphur colour, proceeds from the three last rings of the body; it seems to have the faculty of giving it out at pleasure. From the circumstance of the male being a winged animal, and the female not, it was necessary that some contrivance should be had recourse to for directing the ramble to his sedentary mate. What more beautiful, and at the same time sufficient guide could be possibly contrived than this self-lighted hymeneal torch?

"Time is an unobtrusive blaze,
Content in lowly shades to shine;
How much I wish, while yet I gaze
To make thy modest merit mine."

D.

Anecdotes and Recollections.

Notings, selections,
Anecdote and joke :
Our recollections ;
With gravities for graver folk.

A BARRISTER.

A BARRISTER in his chambers is one thing; a barrister at the bar is another; and a barrister on his vacation-tour is another. A barrister in his chambers is a wise man, a barrister at the bar is a wise man, and a barrister on his vacation-tour is a wise man; but the wisdom of chambers is one thing, and the wisdom of the bar is another, and the wisdom of the vacation is another. In his chambers, the barrister looks profoundly wise and oracular, and his books form part of the wisdom of his looks; and his looks form part of the wisdom of his books. At the bar, the barrister looks wise; but the gravity of the oracle is somewhat blended

* Guillim's Heraldry, p. 235.

† None shall safely provoke me.

with the pertness of the prig; in his chambers he is consulted, and at the bar he is satisfied with the result of his inquiries. In his chambers he gives the sight of his countenance to him who consulteth, and no curls oppress him; at the bar his face is enveloped with ringlets, and one-third is lent to the judge, and two-thirds at the service of his witnesses. That one-third of his visage, which is turned to the bench, is all deference and humility; and the other two-thirds, which are given to the witnesses, are full of pertness and arrogance. The barrister is wise also in the vacation, but his wisdom is not then the wisdom of law, but the wisdom of universal politeness and general knowledge. The curls are gone and the dust of the law-library brushed away, and the whole circle of the polite sciences are familiar to him as household words. He looks upon society with the eye of a philosopher, and though he looks wise by virtue of his profession, and as the result of his practice, he has no feature of the profession about him, and talks of poetry, politics, and the picturesque, as fluently as if he had never talked or thought of anything else. — *Truckleborough Hall.*

A SCHOOL-BOY BISHOP.

SOME time after Louis XIV. had collocated the celebrated Bossuet to the bishopric of Meaux, he asked the citizens how they liked their new bishop. "Why, your majesty, we like him pretty well." — "Pretty well. why what fault have you to find with him?" — "To tell your majesty the truth, we would have preferred having a bishop who had finished his education; for whenever we wait upon him we are told that *he is at his studies.*"

HAERLEM ORGAN.

ON entering Haerlem, the first object that arrests the attention of a stranger is the lofty and magnificent church, the largest in all the provinces. This noble edifice excites such general curiosity, that a tolerable fee is expected of all visitors desirous of viewing the interior; and for hearing the celebrated organ nearly twenty shillings are demanded. I happened, however, to enter the church at the time that an English party was present, and heard a few chords at the close of the exhibition, such as I never expect to hear again; the power and sweetness of the tones surpass description. Unaware, the performer let loose upon us a peal of thunder, which was truly tremendous. At first it murmured at a distance; and not knowing the cause, I was for leaving the spot, conceiving that a real tempest

was arising; the thunder gradually approached, till it seemed to shake the foundations of the majestic edifice. This wonderful instrument, constructed by an original artist, is said to have no equal in Europe. It consists of no less than eight thousand pipes, sixty-eight stops, and is worked by four men at twelve pair of large bellows. An English gentleman who was present, and examined the interior, assured me that some of the pipes were large enough for a man to pass through them. — *Descriptive History of Holland.*

SONNET,

By David Lester Richardson, Esq.

THE following sonnet contains an allusion to a well-known custom in the East-Indies. When a female is separated from her lover, she repairs in the evening to the Ganges and launches a small floating lamp. Should the lamp, or the light be extinguished, before it has passed a certain distance down the stream, it is considered emblematical of the fate of the absent lover, who is supposed to have met with an untimely end.

The shades of evening veil the lofty spires
Of proud Benares' fane; a twilight haze
The calm scene shrouds; the weary boatmen
raise

Along the dusky shores their crimson fires,
That tinge the circling groups. As day retires,
The lone and long deserted maiden strays
By Ganga's stream, where float the feeble rays
Of her pale lamp—But lo! the light expires!—
Alas! how cheerless now the mourner's breast!
For life hath not a charm—her tears deplore
The fond youth's early doom; and never more
Shall hope's sweet visions yield her spirit rest!
The cold wave quenched the flame—an omen
dread

The Brahmin dare not question—*he is dead!*

Forget Me Not, for 1827.

ETYMOLOGIES.

MR. HORNE TOOKE, in his "Diversions of Purley," introduces the derivation of King Pepin from the Greek noun *os-per*! as thus—*os-per, eper, oper; diaper; napkin, nipkin, pipkin, popin—king—King Pepin!* And, in another work, we find the etymology of pickled cucumber from King Jeremiah! *exempli gratia*, King Jeremiah—Jeremiah King; Jerry, king; jerkin, girkin, pickled cucumber! Also, the name of Mr. Fox as derived from a rainy day; as thus—Rainy day, rain a little, rain much, rain hard, reynard, fox! Every scholar must also be able to prove to demonstration that a pigeon-pie is an eel-pie. Lest the reader may not be a student or an etymologist, here it is—pigeon is pic-jack; pie-jack is jack-pie; jack-pie is fish-pie! fish-pie is eel-pie!



MARCH.

*March, various, fierce, and wild, with wind crackt cheeks,
By wilder Welshmen led, and crowned with leeks.*

CHURCHILL.

THERE are frequently mornings in March, says *Time's Telescope*, when a lover of nature may enjoy, in a stroll, sensations not to be exceeded, or, perhaps, equalled by any thing which the full glory of summer can awaken—mornings which tempt us to cast the memory of winter, or the fear of its recurrence, out of our thoughts. The air is mild and balmy, with, now and then, a cool gush by no means unpleasant, but, on the contrary, contributing towards that cheering and peculiar feeling which we experience only in spring. The sky is clear, the sun flings abroad not only a gladdening splendour, but an almost summer glow. The world seems suddenly aroused to hope and enjoyment. The fields are assuming a vernal greenness—the buds are swelling in the hedges—the banks are displaying, amidst the brown remains of last year's vegetation, the luxuriant weeds of this. There are arums, ground-ivy, chervil, the glaucous leaves, and burnished flowers of the pilewort,

“The first gilt thing
Which wears the trembling pearls of spring;”

and many other fresh and early bursts of greenery. All unexpectedly too, in some embowered lane, you are arrested by the delicious odour of violets, those sweetest of Flora's children, which have furnished so many pretty allusions to the poets, and which are not yet exhausted; they are

like true friends—we do not know half their sweetness till they have felt the sunshine of our kindness; and again, they are like the pleasures of our childhood, the earliest and the most beautiful. Now, however, they are to be seen in all their glory—blue and white modestly peering through their thickly clustering leaves. The lark is carolling in the blue fields of air; the blackbird and thrush are again shouting and replying to each other from the tops of the highest trees. As you pass cottages, they have caught the happy infection. There are windows thrown open, and doors standing a-jar. The inhabitants are in their gardens, some clearing away rubbish, some turning up the light and fresh-smelling soil amongst the tufts of snowdrops and rows of glowing yellow crocuses, which every where abound; and the children, ten to one, are busy peeping into the first bird's-nest of the season—the hedge-sparrow's, with its four blue eggs, snugly, but unwisely, built in the pile of old pea-rods.

In the fields, the labourers are plashing and trimming the hedges, and in all directions are teams at plough. You smell the wholesome, and we may truly say, aromatic soil, as it is turned up to the sun, brown and rich, the whole country over. It is delightful as you pass along deep, hollow lanes, or are hidden in copses, to hear the tinkling gears of the horses, and the clear voices of the lads

calling to them. It is not less pleasant to catch the busy caw of the rookery, and the first meek cry of the young lambs. The hares are hopping about the fields, the excitement of the season overcoming their habitual timidity. The bees are revelling in the yellow catkins of the sal-low. The woods, though yet unadorned with their leafy garbure, are beautiful to look on; they seem flushed with life. Their boughs are of a clear and glossy lead colour, and the tree-tops are rich with the vigorous hues of brown, red, and purple; and if you plunge into their solitudes, there are symptoms of revivification under your feet, the springing mercury, and green blades of the bluebells—and perhaps, above you, the early nest of the miscel-thrush perched between the boughs of a young oak, to tinge your thoughts with the anticipation of summer.

These are mornings not to be neglected by the lover of Nature; and if not neglected, then, not to be forgotten, for they will stir the springs of memory, and make us live over again times and seasons, in which we cannot, for the pleasure and the purity of our spirits, live too much.

A valuable contributor, the *Delta* of *Blackwood's Magazine*, has written expressly for *Time's Telescope* an appropriate March Invocation, which is admirably descriptive of the various appearances of Nature in this month:—

'Come hither, come hither, and view the face of nature, enrobed in her vernal grace.—
By the hedgeside way-side flowers are springing;
On the budding elms the birds are singing;
And up—up—to the gates of heaven
Mounts the lark, on the wings of her rapture
driven:

The voice of the streamlet is fresh and loud;
On the sky there is not a speck of cloud;
Come hither, come hither, and join with me
In the season's delightful jubilee!

Haste out of doors—from the pastoral mount
The Isles of ocean thine eye may count—
From coast to coast, and from town to town,
You can see the white sails gleaming down,
Like monstrous water-birds, which fling
The golden light from each snowy wing;
And the chimmed steam-boat tossing high
Its volumed smoke to the waste of sky:
While you note, in foam, on the yellow beach,
The tiny billows, each chasing each,
Then melting like cloudlets in the sky,
Or time in the sea of eternity!
Why tarry at home?—the swarms of air
Are about—and o'erhead—and every where—
The little moth opens its silken wings,
And from right to left like a blossom flings,
And from side to side, like a thistle seed,
Uplifted by winds from September mead:
The midge and the fly from their long dull sleep
Venture again on the light to peep.
Over lake and land abroad they flee,
Filling air with their murmuring ecstasy:

The hare leaps up from his brushwood bed,
And limps, and turns its timid head;
The partridge whirs from the glade; the mole
Pops out from the earth of its wintry hole;
And the perking squirrel's small nose you see
From the fungous nook of its own beech tree.

Come, hasten ye hither—our garden bowers
Are green with the promise of budding flowers—
The crocus, and, spring's first messenger,
The fiery snowdrop, are blooming here;
The taper-leaved tulip is sprouting up;
The hyacinth speaks of its purple cup:
The jonquil boasts, "Ere few weeks run,
My golden sunlet I'll show the sun;"
The gilly-flower shoots its stem on high,
And peeps on heaven with its plucky eye;
Primroses, an iris-bud multitude,
By the kissing winds are wooing and wooed;
While the wall-flower threatens, with bursting
bud

To darken its blossoms with winter's blood.
Come here, come hither, and mark how swell
The fruit buds of the jargonells;
On its yet but leaflet greening boughs
The apricot open its blossom throws;
The delicate peach-tree's branches run
O'er the warm wall, glad to feel the sun;
And the cherry proclaims of cloudless weather.
When its fruit and the blackbirds will try to-
gether;

See, the gooseberry bushes their riches show,
And the currant bunch hangs its leaves below,
And the damp-loving rasp saith, "I'll win your
praise

With my grateful coolness on harvest days."
Come along, come along, and guess with me
How fair and how fruitful the year shall be!

Look into the pasture grounds o'er the pale,
And behold the foal with its switching tail,
About and abroad in its mirth it flies,
With its long black forelocks about its eyes,
Or bends its neck down with a stretch,
The daisy's earliest flower to reach.
See, as on by the hawthorn fence we pass,
How the sheep are nibbling the tender grass,
Or holding their heads to the sunny ray,
As if their hearts, like its smile, were gay;
While the chattering sparrows, in and out,
Fly the shrubs, and trees, and roofs about;
And sooty rooks, loudly cawing, roam
With sticks and straws to their woodland home.

Out upon in-door cares—rejoice
In the thrill of nature's bewitching voice!
The finger of God hath touched the sky,
And the clouds, like a vanquished army, fly,
Leaving a rich, wide, azure bow,
O'erspanning the works of his hand below:
The finger of God hath touched the earth,
And it starts from slumber in smiling mirth;
Behold it awake in the bird and bee,
In the springing flower and the sprouting tree,
And the leaping trout, and the lapping stream,
And the south wind soft, and the warm sun-
beam:—

From the sward beneath and the boughs above,
Come the scent of flowers and the sounds of
love;

Then haste thee hither, and join thy voice
With a world's which shouts "Rejoice! Re-
joice!"

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF THE TURKS AND CHINESE.

It has been my fortune to witness the funeral ceremonies of two of the most singular people on the earth—two nations the most dissimilar to ourselves—kingdoms, either of which, in point of manners, customs, and religion, may be considered our Antipodes—I mean the Chinese and Turks. The burials of these two nations not only differ widely from our own, but in many respects from each other, and both have many curious peculiarities highly descriptive of the manners and customs of the people to whom they refer.

During a residence at Canton, I was witness to many funerals; but my attention was more particularly drawn to one, that of an excellent and upright man of considerable wealth and importance, with whom I had many dealings. He had died before my third arrival at Canton, but it is the custom to delay the funeral for a long time, and his body was still unburied. I understood there had been a sort of lying in state, something similar, I presume, to what is still practised in Scotland, where the corpse is dressed out in white, and the female friends of the deceased are admitted to view it. I have been informed, that it is the Chinese custom, upon such occasions, to prostrate themselves before the corpse, which is placed in the coffin, surrounded with flowers and perfumes, but I was never present at any such ceremony. The foreman, or chief servant of my deceased friend, informed me, upon my arrival, that I might be admitted to view the coffin, which was closed, but still uninterred, and as I was desirous of doing so, he appointed to meet me at a certain hour, and we proceeded to the house of the deceased. The room into which I was introduced, was one of considerable dimensions; entirely hung round with white, which is the Chinese colour for mourning. In the centre of the apartment was a kind of long table, covered with white, upon which was placed the coffin, also covered with a kind of pall, all white. My companion, after prostrating himself upon the floor, approached the coffin, and withdrew the pall from a part of it, in order that I might observe its neatness and workmanship, and the paintings and gilding with which it was covered. He informed me, that his late master had caused it to be made during

his life-time, which is, indeed, the practice of even the poorest Chinese. All contrive to spare a sufficient sum to secure a reputable shelter for their lifeless bodies. In the room were several pedestals, all covered with white, and upon them incense and lights were kept burning. The coffin was placed against the wall, and just above it, a scroll was fastened to the white hangings, upon which were emblazoned the name and degree of the deceased. The whole appearance was extremely striking, and affected me very powerfully.

After I had been at Canton about a month, the funeral took place. It is the custom of the Chinese to keep dead bodies above ground for a very long time; the rich people delay the funeral even for a year or longer, and are thereby esteemed to afford proof of their respect and reverence for the deceased. My friend was kept nearly two months. Upon the day fixed for the funeral, a great number of relatives and acquaintances of the deceased assembled at his residence, and were all marshalled in procession as at our English burials. A number of hired musicians, performing slow and melancholy tunes upon a variety of instruments, preceded the corpse, as did also some persons bearing painted scrolls and silken banners, on which were inscriptions indicative of the rank and character of the deceased. Incense bearers followed these, and then, under a white canopy, the coffin covered with a white pall was borne by men. Upon each side of it were persons employed in burning pieces of paper and pasteboard with inscriptions upon them; some circular, and some cut into curious fantastic figures, all which, it is believed, are wafted upwards with the soul, and accompany it in its next state of existence either as coin, bread, or whatever else the inscription denotes. After the corpse, came the relatives of the deceased, all in white clothes, soiled, dirty, and unornamented, and therefore descriptive of excessive grief. Some of them howled and exclaimed most vehemently, and every one had a friend on each side to assist him on, and also a servant, bearing over him a huge umbrella with a deep white fringe, which nearly screened the mourner from the public gaze. Some women also followed as mourners, borne in small coaches similar to our sedans, and they were very loud in the expression of their lamentations. After them came a crowd of friends, all walking slowly, and thus the procession closed.

The burying-places of the Chinese are erected in the shape of grottos, without

their towns. They are divided into a variety of small cells, in each of which a coffin is laid, and, as soon as the cells are all filled, the sepulchre is closed.

No religious service takes place—the coffin is placed in its receptacle with great solemnity, and then the procession returns.

Funerals in Turkey, which I have observed at Smyrna, are extremely different. Instead of delay, as with the Chinese, the corpse is hurried to the grave within a few hours after dissolution. Instead of the slow step of grief, they go forward hastily, and if the bearers of the body tire, no good Mussulman will refuse to give assistance in a work so holy. There exists a traditional declaration of Mahomet, that whoever bears a dead body forty paces towards the grave, will thereby expiate a great sin, and this opportunity of easy absolution is by some anxiously looked out for. The male relations follow, but there is no weeping—no grief—nature is so far subdued amongst them that not a tear is shed. Alms and prayers are the modes in which a Mahometan displays grief—to repine for the dead, is considered impious, for the same reason as they inter so speedily, namely, that if the deceased was a good Mussulman he is entitled to happiness, which ought not to be grieved at, nor ought he, by any delay of interment, to be prevented at once attaining the full enjoyment of it; if, on the contrary, he was not a good Mussulman, he does not deserve to be grieved for, and ought at once to be sent from the world.

The body is, in the first instance, carried to a mosque, where religious service is performed, and from thence to the grave, over which a prayer is delivered by a priest.

The planting of cyprus trees round the grave is practised, because it is imagined that the state of the dead is denoted by the growth and condition of these trees. They are placed in two lines, one on each side the grave—if only those on the right hand prosper, it denotes happiness, if only those on the left, misery. If all of them succeed, it betokens that the deceased was at once admitted to all the bliss of the hours; if all fail, he is tormented by black angels, until, at some future time, he shall be released from torment at the intercession of the prophet.—*National Magazine*.

THE SAINT GRAYLE.

GRAAL, or Grayle, is an old word for a dish or large plate, and the one which is distinguished as the Saint Graal, or

Grayle, the holy Grayle, is held to be the very dish out of which our Saviour ate upon the occasion of his partaking the last passover with his disciples.

This holy vessel was originally supposed to have been in the possession of Joseph, of Arimathea, the reputed founder of Glastonbury, who brought it to England. It was kept at Glastonbury for many years, but at last was somehow or other lost from thence, and it then became the great object of search amongst knights errant, and is mentioned in many of the old romances.

After being missed for several centuries, it was said to be discovered at Genoa, about the year 1100; or, at any event, a dish was produced there as the Saint Grayle, or as it was then termed, "il sacro cattino." Of course it was considered an invaluable relic, and was an object of great reverence and veneration, more especially as some spots were pointed out in it, which were said to be stains produced by drops of blood of our Saviour's, which were caught in it by Joseph of Arimathea, whilst Jesus Christ was upon the cross. It is of an hexagonal form, and made of a coarse green glass. The legend which was told of it at Genoa was, that it was taken at the capture of Cæsarea, in the holy wars, and was presented to the Genoese by Baldwin, king of Jerusalem; an account which certainly does not harmonize well with our pretended title to it through Joseph of Arimathea.

It remained at Genoa until the year 1806, when Bonaparte, in his rage to transport every thing curious or celebrated in art to Paris, carried off the Saint Grayle, and it was deposited in the Cabinet of Antiquities, in the Imperial Library. We understand it still remains there; whether it has ever been claimed by the Genoese, or not, we have not been able to ascertain.—*Ibid*.

A LANDSCAPE.

On to the mountain! let us from its verge

View nature stretching forth the varied scene,

The rivers and the streamlets glide between,

Now lost in windings, then again emerge,

And dazzle with their brightness: now invade

The forest's gloom, and cooling in the shade,

Dash out refreshed. Then survey the heath,

In savage grandeur spread itself beneath;

And mark the wild-flower rear its humble head,

And bloom contented on the spot we tread.

Nature! 'tis here, I do adore thee! here, oh

God! thou art! thou wast! thou art! thou art!

Where foot of man profane has seldom trod.

Here let my incense rise! here let my spirit

And bow before thy shrine, and wonder and

adore.

Ibid.

Westerdyck mentions, that "if you divide the waters," or rather to say misdivide them, "you lose the stream."

Now, however, to convert Yarmouth into a good port, another mouth should be added to the present one, that its bar may become removed. Thus, first, let the piers be of a sufficient length to counteract the along-shore motion of the shingle; then next put at midway between the entrance and the town, two pair of gates to be self-acting at flood-tide, but not at ebb-tide, when ships must lock through them that the back water shall not issue; and lastly make, along with a gate to be self-acting at ebb-tide, because assisted by the rivers, a cut for them landward from the pierheads, yet which exit may be regarded as unnavigable owing to the bar that will soon form at its outside.

As to a ship-channel, let the three rivers be formed into a canal, having a wear and sluice at its lower end for their regulation during floods by sea and land; whilst the Breydon Lake, whose upper end could occasionally be scoured by the rivers, and whose area is 1,218 acres, would be an ample space for the tide, and might bound its flow and ebb.

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Our poetical friends will doubtless be pleased to learn that a most delightful performance entitled *Evenings in Greece*, the poetry by Thomas Moore, and the music by Bishop, has been ushered into the literary world during the past week. We shall take an early opportunity of making our readers fully acquainted with the beauties of this charming volume, and we now give an extract, regretting that our limits compel us to be brief.

THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

I saw, from yonder silent cave,
Two fountains running side by side,
The one was mem'ry's limpid wave,
The other, cold oblivion's tide.
"Oh Love," said I, in thoughtless dream,
As o'er my lips the Lethe pass'd,
"Here, in this dark and chilly stream,
Be all my pains forgot at last."
But who could bear that gloomy blank,
Where joy was lost as well as pain?
Quickly of mem'ry's fount I drank,
And brought the past all back again;
And said, "Oh, Love! what'er my lot,
Still let this soul to thee be true—
Rather than have one bliss forgot,
Be all my pains remember'd too!"

THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.

THE palace of St. Cloud is an agreeable, and, according to the favourite English phrase, a comfortable habitation, splendidly, but not too richly furnished. The *salle-à-manger* particularly attracted my notice, being the first good specimen I had seen of a French dining-room. It is a room large enough for about forty persons to dine in it conveniently. A round table of mahogany, or coloured like mahogany, one *fauteuil*, and half a dozen chairs, seemingly not belonging to this room, but brought from another, standing round the table on a mat which went underneath it; a chandelier, or lustre, hanging over the tables;—such, with a few articles for the use of the attendants, was the furniture of the room. Instead of a sideboard, a painted shelf went round the room at about four feet from the floor. On one of the panes of the window, a thermometer, with the scale marked on glass, was fixed on the outside; thus the temperature of the outer air might be known without opening the casement.

An English family of moderate fortune lives very much in the dining-room; a French family would as soon think of sitting in the kitchen as in the *salle-à-manger* at any other than eating hours. The English think it marvellous that a French lady should receive visits in her bed-room; but to this bed-room is annexed a cabinet, which conceals all objects that ought to be put out of sight; the bed is either hidden by the drapery, or covered by a handsome counterpane, with a *traversein* or bolster at each end, which, as it is placed lengthways against the wall, the two ends resembling each other in the woodwork also, gives it during the day-time, the appearance of a couch.

The park of St. Cloud is not a park in the English sense of the word; it is a pretty pleasure-ground, with great variety of surface. If king George III. had been as much accustomed to the continental notion of a park as the king his grandfather probably was, he would not have expressed so much surprise, when, on his visit to Magdalen College, Oxford, he was asked if he would be pleased to see the park. "Park! what, have you got a park?"—"We call it a park, sir, because there are deer in it."—"Deer! How big is it?"—"Nine acres, an it please your majesty."—"Well, well, I must go and see a park of nine acres; let us go and see a park of nine acres."

From the elevated ground of the park of St. Cloud, where the lantern rears its

head, Paris is seen over an extent of flat and marshy ground, over which the Seine winds with as many evolutions and curvatures as a serpent. The fable of the sun and the wind contending which of them could first induce a traveller to quit his cloak, might be paralleled by one invented on the sinuosity of rivers in plain countries. Let nature oppose rocks and mountains, the river holds on its way by torrent and by cataract; arrived at a level country, it seems to amuse itself by delay. If it were told at an English gaming club, that the mountain and the plain had engaged in a contest, which of them should most effectually divert the course of a river from its direct line to the ocean, the odds would, most likely, be in favour of the mountain. But the result is otherwise.

Four Years in France.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY IN FRANCE.

I WILL endeavour to enable any one to judge how far it may be worth his while to come to reside in France from motives of economy. With his motives for being economical I have nothing to do; anyone may be economical at home who pleases; but it does not please some people to be economical at home; others wish to have more for the same money. The French are sometimes puzzled to make out why the English come abroad; perhaps the English are sometimes equally puzzled themselves; but with reference to economy, sometimes the English seem to them to be travelling for the sake of spending money; sometimes to be staying in France for the purpose of saving it. The riches as well as the high prices of England are exaggerated; the latter to a degree that would make the riches to be merely nominal. Then the difference between French and English prices is supposed to be so great, that the saving, by living in France, must be enormous. Many English have, at first, no clearer notions than the French on these subjects.

The price of almost every article, the produce of agricultural or manufacturing industry, has been increased one-third, some say two-fifths, in France since the beginning of the revolution; the taxes have been trebled. We know that, within the last thirty years, prices and taxes have been augmented in England at about the same rates; so that, on both sides of the water, the proportion has been preserved. But the English knew very little of France during the war; whereas the French knew England by their emigrants, who reported truly the high prices then prevalent: thus some unsettled or erro-

neous opinions on domestic economy may be accounted for. I left England while paper currency was still in force, and before prices were lowered as since they have been; my estimate must be corrected accordingly.

The result of between three and four years' experience is, that about one-sixth is saved by living, not in Paris, but in a provincial town in France, or that a frank will go as far as a shilling. Set against this saving the expenses of the journey, and the saving will not be great to those who do not retrench in their mode of life, but live in France in the same style as at home. The exchange on bills drawn on England may be favourable; but some little money sticks in every hand through which money passes, which balances this advantage.

House-rent is higher in France than in England; fuel much dearer; some manufactured articles, as woollen-cloth for coats, and linen or cotton for shirts, are equally dear; colonial produce, as sugar and coffee, is of a variable price, but not much cheaper; tea is cheaper, as the Americans supply it, or England with a remission of the duty. But there are no assessed taxes, no poor-rates; provisions I found to be cheaper by about one-third than I had left them in England; and my younger children, instead of small beer, with half a glass of wine each after dinner, now drank wine, with discretion indeed, but at discretion. The more numerous my family, the greater was the advantage to me of this diminution of the daily expense of food.

Yet I calculate that at the end of forty-two months, including what the journey to Avignon cost me, and the difference between the price at which my furniture was bought and that at which it was sold, I had spent, within one-twentieth, as much as it would have cost me to live in my county town in England with the same establishment and in the same manner. The smaller the income annually expended, the greater in proportion will be the saving, because it is chiefly on the necessary articles of living that expense is spared; but a man of large, or even of moderate fortune, will hardly think it worth his while to dwell many years in a foreign country merely for the sake of saving five pounds in a hundred. The less the distance to which he travels and the longer his stay, the more he becomes acquainted with the mode of dealing and learns what are just prices, the greater proportionably will be the savings of the economizing resident. A saving of five per cent. is at least not a loss. Wise men should not entertain extravagant expecta-

tions, and prudent men should know what they are about to undertake. Those who are neither wise nor prudent had better stay at home; I do not write for such, but to give to family men such advice as I found no one capable of giving me; but which, through much toil and cost and peril, I had obtained the faculty of offering to others.—*Ibid.*

VISIT TO THE HAREM OF THE AGA, AT DAMIETTA.

The harem of the Aga was situated nearly opposite to the residence of Mr. Faker, on the other bank of the Nile, in a garden, in the Turkish style, that is to say, a piece of ground without trees. I was accompanied by the lady of the Portuguese physician, who understood a little Italian and Arabic, and who was to act as my interpreter. When we arrived at the entrance of the building, we were received by a black eunuch, richly dressed, who invited us to go into a very cool apartment, with latticed windows, and no furniture except a very broad and low divan. He left us to announce us to his mistress; we soon after saw the two wives of the Aga, accompanied by two of his daughters, one of whom was yet a child, and the other married to one of the superior officers in the army, and about twenty young slaves. The two ladies, as well as the daughters of the Aga, seated themselves next to me, while the slaves ranged themselves in a half circle before us, with their arms crossed on the breast, and preserving a respectful silence. As all these women spoke only Turkish, we needed a second interpreter, who, in her turn, understood only Turkish and Arabic, so that what I said in Italian had to be translated into Arabic, and the Arabic into Turkish; thus, to understand each other, we had need of three languages, and two interpreters.

It may readily be supposed that the conversation could not go on fluently, as we depended on the good will and talents of our interpreters: in fact, the *qui pro quo* resulting from the bad translations of our questions and answers were truly comic, and excited so much gaiety that loud and repeated bursts of laughter soon established a good understanding between us. The oldest of the consorts of the Aga, however, maintained a dignified gravity, while the other, who was much younger, and of an animated and interesting countenance, repeated, with extreme volubility, the most insignificant questions, and did not fail to examine the whole arrangement of my toilette. They asked me many questions respecting the

women in my country: as for Europe, I believe, they entertained very vague notions of it; and when I told them that our husbands had but one wife and no slaves, they looked at one another, undetermined whether to applaud or laugh at this custom.

The eldest daughter of the Aga was a young person of the most beautiful and pleasing countenance. She did not enjoy good health; her extreme paleness rendered her really interesting in my eyes: she resembled a lily languishing, and withered by the burning wind of the desert. She appeared to cherish life from the idea that I, perhaps, possessed the skill to cure her, and earnestly entreated me to prescribe some remedy.

There is something singular in the conviction generally entertained by the Orientals, that all Europeans without distinction, have a knowledge of medicine and necromancy, arts commonly confounded with one another. It several times happened to us in Upper Egypt, to be called to the assistance of persons actually dying, or in so desperate a state that nothing less than a conjuror would have been required to preserve their lives. Without being a distinguished disciple of Hippocrates, it is easy to acquire the reputation of an able physician; and the really skilful medical man who accompanied us during our tour in Upper Egypt, was accustomed, on such occasions, that is, when the case was not desperate, in imitation of the celebrated Sangrado, of happy memory, to administer only the most simple remedies, which never failed to produce a prompt and marvellous effect. So much influence has the imagination of these children of nature on their cure.* But to return to my fair odalisques.

They were nearly all natives of Syria, Circassia, and Georgia, and I had thus leisure to survey these beauties who enjoy so much celebrity. They undoubtedly merit their reputation; I can, however, tell my fair countrywomen, to comfort them, and to do justice to truth, that Europe certainly can boast of beauties equal to those of the East. Those whom I had now the pleasure of seeing, had the most agreeable countenances, and delicate and regular features; but what most attracted my admiration was their hair, which fell in waving and natural curls down to their waist. They had each preserved their national costume, which agreeably varied this pretty par-

* To work a miracle, it is often quite sufficient to write some words on a piece of paper, or draw some cabalistic figure, which they swallow, or place as a talisman on the part affected.

tears; nor had they adopted the tresses of the Egyptian women, which rather disfigure than improve the figure. They had exquisitely beautiful teeth, but the clearness and bloom of youth were banished from their complexion; they all had a languid air, and I did not find among them that *embonpoint* which I had expected to meet. Perhaps their sedentary mode of life, and the destructive climate of Egypt, have contributed to tarnish the lustre of their charms. The climate of Egypt, otherwise so salubrious, exercises a malignant influence upon female beauty, and on the children of European parents.

Refreshments were brought in on a small table of cedar, very low, and ornamented with a pretty Mosaic of ivory and mother-of-pearl; the collation consisted of confectionary, cakes made of honey and fruits, and sherbet. Meantime, some slaves burnt incense in silver censers, and frequently sprinkled us with rose water; two others placed themselves at my side; and every time that I either ate or drank any thing, were ready to hold under my lips a napkin of a coarse quality, yet embroidered with gold. Others, provided with fans, drove away the swarms of insects which the pastry and fruit had attracted around us. In short, each seemed to have a particular function to perform. When the repast was ended, they wished me to pass the night with them and to take the bath, but having already acquainted myself with this kind of amusement at Cairo, I declined their polite invitation. After going over the house, which did not contain any thing remarkable, I took my leave; and on departing distributed among the slaves some small gold coins, to which they attach a great value.—*Recollections of Egypt.*

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

SINGULAR INTERMARRIAGE.

A MR. HARDWOOD had two daughters by his first wife, the eldest of whom was married to John Coshick; this Coshick had a daughter by his first wife, whom old Hardwood married, and by her he had a son; therefore, John Coshick's second wife could say as follows:—

My father is my son, and I'm my mother's mother;

My sister is my daughter, and I'm grandmother to my brother.

INGENIOUS REMARK.

A GENTLEMAN at the table of the great Condé, having related several wonderful stories of a king of Persia, his highness requested him to continue the recital of the life of so great a man; but the gentleman perceiving the servants had began to clear the table during his narrative, in order to regain his lost time, replied, "This prince died suddenly."

THE PRE-EMINENCE OF ALE.

THE following quaint verses descriptive of the antiquity of ale, are taken from *The Philosopher's Banquet*:—

Ale for antiquity may plead and stand
Before the conquest, conquering in this land;

Beere, that is younger brother of her age,
Was not then borne, nor ripe to bee her page;

In every peddling village, borough, town,
Ale plaid at foot-ball, and tript all lands down;

And tho' shee's rivall'd now by beere,
her mate,
Most doctors wait on her—this shewes
her state.

A SINGULAR MONASTERY.

AT the distance of forty versts from Dubossaru, ascending the Dniester, there is a monastery situated on almost inaccessible rocks. Formerly, the inhabitants of the environs sought an asylum from the incursions of the Tartars in the midst of similar fastnesses. Part of the building still standing, serves as a retreat for the wild pigeons in stormy weather. The church and cells, hewn in the massive rock, have no need of covering or repair: the cells are cold and unwholesome, so that the monks, twelve in number, sleep with their clothes on. Among the trees which grow in this solitary place, there is one which merits particular attention; the Moldavians call it *kang*. Its roots penetrate into the hardest stone; its fruit resembles a cherry, in taste and form, and its kernel has a spirituous and agreeable flavour; this tree, too, like the citron, bears flowers and fruits at the same time, and continues bearing till the end of autumn.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jacobus in our next.

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